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VOL. L—No. 27. MANCHESTER, Saturday, January 23, 1869. Price One Penny

"Condemn'd to suffer through the day."
SOUTHEY.

Not now is this our wretched doom,
Nor lag the moments on their way;
Not now our spirits fill'd with gloom—
"Condemn'd to suffer through the day!"
We boast of lightness, comfort, ease;
Of perfect softness to the brow;
We boast the felt lin'd hat of Gee's,
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In best 18-carat gold cases; gold dials for ladies, and enamelled dials, with seconds, for gentlemen.
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N.B.—The Abridgements of Specimens kept at the Office, in order that Inventors may be advised as to the novelty of their inventions.
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PRELIMINARY.

To Wine and Spirit Merchants, Publicans, Private Consumers, and others.

T. M. FISHER, SONS, & SMITH. will SELL BY AUCTION, early in February (at a time and place to be named hereafter), a quantity of First-class Champagne, 100 Cases of Brandy, and a quantity of Claret in Wood and Bottle.—Full particulars next week.

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At No. 95, Bridge-street, Manchester.—Sale of valuable Household Furniture and Effects, comprising a Very Handsome Dining-room Suite mahogany, upholstered in hair, consisting of Two Massive Telescope Dining Tables, with three loose leaves, each one with Fairclough's patent screw; Handsome Table Cover; Six Mahogany Hair-seated Chairs; Handsome Mahogany Chiffonnier, with cupboard and drawer; Two Mahogany Card Tables, on carved claw supports; Mahogany Couch upholstered in horse hair; Elegant Fender with Polished Steel Fire-irons; Superior Brussels Carpet and Wool Rug, Large and Handsome Moderator Lamp, Coal Vase, Very Superior and Valuable Eight-day Timepiece, Chimney Ornaments, Superior Suite of Damask Window Curtains and Handsome Fringe, Sunblind and Roller. A superior and Elegant Drawing-room Suite, consisting of Rosewood Couch, with damask cover; Six Rosewood Chairs, damask seats; One Easy ditto, Two Very Handsome Rosewood Card Tables, One Lady's Small Ornamental Work Table, Splendid Cottage Piano, 6½ octaves, with patent check action, rosewood case, in perfect order, by Broadwood; A Fine-Toned ditto, 6½ octaves, in rosewood, by Oetzmann; Six Valuable Water-colour Drawings, framed; Handsome Case of Stuffed Birds under glass shade, Chimney Ornaments, Lace Curtains and Fringe, Sunblind and Roller, Superior Brussels Carpet and Handsome Rug, Fender and Polished Fire-irons, Sunblind and Roller, Handsome Table Cover, Superior and Elegant Breakfast-room Furniture, Mahogany Sofa in damask cover; Lady's and Gent.'s Easy Chairs, Coal Vase, Elegant Fire Screen, Carpet, Fender, Polished Fire-irons, Very Handsome Three-light Gasalier and Globes, Large Handsome Oak Hat-stand for the hall with dark marble slab and drawers; Capital Single Barrelled Gun, by Shaw; Pair of Very Handsome Buffalo Horns, very rare specimen; Four excellent Wool Mats, Seven First-class Engravings, framed, scriptural subjects; Several Yards of Superior Oilcloth, Brussels Stair Carpeting, wide, with heavy brass stair rods; Brussels Carpet on landing; Four Wool Mats. The Furniture of five Bedrooms and Dressing-room, of a very costly character; very Massive and Handsome Four-post Bedstead, with heavy hangings; Large and Commodious Wardrobe, with trays and lined compartments; a Smaller ditto, Very Handsome Mahogany Dressing Table and Washstands, with marble tops; Large Swing Toilet Glasses, Carpets, Mahogany and Damask Chairs, Feather Beds, Bed Linen, Hangings, &c. of the very best quality; Iron Bedsteads and Cane-seated Chairs, Complete Toilet Services, and a Large Shower Bath; together with all the usual Kitchen Furniture and Utensils, and a Large Quantity of Table and Household Linen. A Strong Oak Plate-chest, bound with iron, and secured with two locks, fitted inside with trays and divisions, and lined throughout with green baize; an Excellent Tool-chest, containing various tools; Powerful Wringing and Mangling Machine, by Somerscales; Washing Tubs, Peggy, and Maidens; 80 Feet of Vulcanised Hose for garden; Syringe, Strong Garden Shears, and many other miscellaneous articles

D. ALONZO MORRIS has been favoured with instructions to SELL BY AUCTION, This day (Saturday) January 23, 1869, commencing at 11 o'clock prompt, at No. 95, Bridge-street, Manchester, to which place it has been removed for convenience of sale, the whole of the Valuable Household Furniture, partially described above.—Further particulars may be obtained on application to John Kerr Esq., accountant, 28, Faulkner-street; or to the Auctioneer, 13, South King-street, Manchester.

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The above are equally pure as the dearer qualities, and, from their excellent quality and fine flavour, we strongly Recommend them for Balls, Parties, Suppers, &c.

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SUNDRIES,
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An Excellent Full-bodied Red Wine, from the South of France, resembling Port, and far superior to any Port to be had at the price.

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Is respectfully solicited to the preparations which our Agents have been for some time making both in the English and Foreign Markets, and which are now completed, with a view to render the

GREAT PERIODICAL SALE

AT

JAMES LOWE'S

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Such as altogether to surpass, both in extent and attractiveness, any which have preceded it in former years.

In connection with this announcement, it may be mentioned that the rapidly increasing business of this Establishment renders it absolutely necessary that a very considerable Enlargement of the Premises should forthwith be made; and we may further state that plans are already in course of preparation by which the business capabilities of the Establishment will be augmented to almost double their present extent.

In accordance with these plans, a New Building, of large dimensions, is to be erected in immediate contiguity with the present premises; and this will enable us to carry our intentions into full and satisfactory effect.

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In corroborating the bona fide character of this statement, we would appeal to the fidelity with which our former announcements have been carried out; and we will only add that all who may be pleased to visit the establishment will find, for the reasons we have indicated, that the quotations are at once attractive, surprising and unparalleled.

Full List of Prices and particulars of the Sale, occupying nearly two columns, will be found in the *Examiner* of Saturday last.

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ENSURED BY USING

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LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINES

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THEY WILL HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, AND SEW ON A BAND AT THE SAME TIME.

THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, and have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.

PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.

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RITUALISM AND RITUALISTS.

IN former times—we speak with due regard to the headlong fastness of the age, and mean about twenty or twenty-five years ago—there were three great parties in the Church of England, and three only. By three shibboleths were the clergy known, and, with their respective followers, they were ticketed, or ticketed themselves, as "High," "Broad," or "Low." We of the lay world, who deal not with doctrines so much as with outward and visible practices,—who judge of ministers not so much by their sermons as by their ritual (we must come to the word sooner or later)—had certain plain guides for the due discernment of these three companies. High Churchmen were those who "restored" their churches, demolished the high pews, and substituted open benches, — pulled down the "three-deckers," and placed the reading-desk on one side and the pulpit on the other,—sent the clerk and the paid male and female singers to the right about,—got up a voluntary choir of men and boys, clothed them in surplices, and seated them in stalls, divided like the reading-desk and pulpit aforesaid,—chanted the psalms, and, in most cases, had a choral service throughout,—and, great distinguishing badge above and beyond all others! discarded the gown, and preached, even as they read prayers, in the surplice. It was not needful, indeed, that all these evidences should be found together. One or two, especially the surpliced-choir and surplice in pulpit, were quite sufficient to stamp the parson and his congregation as High, or, at least, a trifle tainted. Then there were other and minor tokens. The giving-out of saints' days, and having service thereon, were dangerous symptoms. Coming down from the pulpit at the end of the sermon, and reading the Church militant prayer before the congregation were dismissed, was evidence not to be mistaken. Rash young curates, fresh from Oxford, appeared in reading-desk and pulpit without the long-esteemed and venerated bands. They cut off the strings of their hoods and pulled the red silk or white fur lining forward, so as to show well round the neck and on the shoulders. There were even some who refused to wear the neat white tie, the carefully folded bow which had for generations been the distinguishing badge of a parson. These unhappy young men took to stiff white chokers, which fastened behind; they had their coats made with upright collars, their waistcoats to button up to the neck. These were all "tendencies," to use a word which has since obtained great significance,—but we believe we have gone through the list.

As to the Low Church parsons, they were simply Conservatives. They stuck to pews, three (or, at least, two) deckers, the gallery (and female) singers, and, above all, the gown and bands. They would have nothing to do with choral services, giving way only in the case of the amens, and a "gloria" or two. They read the psalms, verse and verse about with the congregation, or, in many instances, with the clerk only. Their efforts in the way of church decoration began and ended in whitewash, green baize, and cocoa-nut matting. They preached long sermons, and carefully divided them into three heads and an application. They were great in doctrine and subtle in controversy—at least, in the pulpit, where, we fancy, it is easier to argue than in most other places, seeing that the preacher has only a silent and unseen adversary to demolish.

Of course it would take a volume to relate the successive developments of both these great parties, and of that intermediate, or broad, section, which, lying between the two, was never very easy to define, and, in fact, differs from its neighbours more in the comprehensiveness of its creed, than in the peculiarity of its practice. Changes crept in, and, curiously enough, all in an *upward* direction. While the High Church party were progressing steadily towards flowers, crosses, candles, embroidered altar-cloths and coloured stoles, their Low Church brethren came marching on behind. Let not any of these latter be angry! We are simply judging from things as they exist around us,—even in this city and neighbourhood. Twenty years ago a surpliced choir, or surplice in the pulpit, would have been an acknowledged sign of Puseyism. Is it so now? One of our clergy, who certainly *did* rank, and who, we believe, does rank now, as a Low Churchman, has not only thrown away his gown, but actually published a pamphlet in proof of its utter illegality and un-orthodoxy in the pulpit. Perhaps we shall be told that these are but minor points, or as the poet has it

> As for myself I little care
> What sort of dress the Parsons wear,—
> A black dress, or a white dress;
> Having a trouble of mine own,—
> A wife who preaches in her gown,
> And lectures in her night-dress.

We answer that Ritualism is the great standard of ecclesiastical measurement just now, and we poor laymen can only judge of the height or depth to which our "spiritual teachers, pastors, and masters" have attained or dropped by their practices. We are not stating our own private likes and dislikes. We are not presuming to lay down the law as to legality or illegality, orthodoxy or heterodoxy, sound or tainted. Heaven forbid! We confess ourselves in an utter, a dense and bewildering fog. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" But one thing is certain, that the three original Church Parties have split up into a number of minor ones; they have each brought forth a whole quiver-full of sub-divisions, so that instead of "High," "Low," "Broad," we have all sorts of nick-names from "Puritan" to "Ritualist."

Here we are brought round again to our text, and by way of improving it, we ask "What is Ritualism?" and "Who are Ritualists?"—To explain our reason for these questions, we relate a story, true and without exaggeration. In former days we were accustomed to attend a church in this neighbourhood, which as to lowness, was at zero, or thereabouts. If the efforts of any one man could have extinguished "Ritualism" (commonly so-called) and Romanism, at once and for ever, our worthy rector would have extinguished both. Now, take an ordinary Sunday-morning service as it used to be conducted (and may be now for aught we know) in his church. At 10-30 a.m. the organ struck up a voluntary. After about a minute an apparitor appeared, clad in a gown and white tie. After him came the young man who read the prayers in his surplice. Lastly, the rector, in black gown. The curate mounted into the reading desk; the rector went into his pew; the apparitor shut them both up, and retired—we know not where. The service went on until the end of the Litany. Then the apparitor appeared again, opened the pew door, and escorted the rector to the vestry; went back to the reading desk and let out the curate; took him also to the vestry, went in himself and shut the door. Meanwhile we, the congregation, were singing a hymn. When we had got about half way through it, the vestry door opened, and there was a second procession, this time towards the Communion Table;—apparitor, first, as before; then the rector in his *surplice;* then the curate. The apparitor shut them in and retired, but only to re-appear directly after the Creed. In fact the amount of exercise that unhappy man went through each Sunday morning was

extraordinary. This time he took the rector to the vestry, leaving the curate, if it was "Communion Sunday," to sit quietly where he was. On other Sundays, *i.e.*, three out of the four, the curate had the honour of being escorted back again to the reading desk, as being, we suppose, less likely to go to sleep immediately under the preacher than behind him. The rector, meantime, effected another change in his raiment, came out in his *gown*, was taken in tow, as usual, by his faithful apparitor and left safely in the pulpit. It is only necessary to add that there was a final procession to the vestry after the sermon was over; and that when the Holy Communion was going to be administered, the rector had a third change still—from gown back to surplice—before he went back to the Lord's Table. With all deference to popular and possibly well-founded prejudices, we ask—was this Ritualism, or was it not?

Living in Manchester, it has not been our good or bad fortune to witness what is called extreme Ritualism,—at least, nothing approaching the ceremonial at St. Alban's, Holborn, or Mr. Purchas's chapel at Brighton. There are a few churches, beginning with the cathedral, where the communion-table is decorated with a couple of candlesticks. In two churches that we know of there is an altar cross. Vestments, with the exception of a coloured scarf or stole, we have never seen. We may remark, however, that one or two clergymen have adopted a very short surplice, which, worn over a long black cassock, gives them such a peculiar appearance, that we scarcely believe their example will be admired or imitated.

We have a strong opinion ourselves that unity and uniformity are two very different things; and, though it may be needful to call down a *deus ex machinâ*, in the shape of a Lord Cairns, upon the head of a Machonochie, we should be sorry to see any one great party in the Church brought unduly into power, by restraints laid upon the wills and inclinations of another. The great beauty of the Church of England, to our minds, is her comprehensive liberty, her toleration, her gentle sway over the consciences of her children. Of course, her toleration may be abused, and is. It must be a curious covert in which three such antagonistic animals as Bishop Colenso, Brother Ignatius, and, let us say, Dr. M'Neile, could lie down side by side. But, setting apart extremes, we believe that the great body of our clergy, if they would but wash their dirty linen at home, instead of parading their bickerings and strife before the public,—if they would but each one keep his own door-step clean, and attend to his own congregation,—if they would but "provoke one another unto good works," and measure their pet theories by the unerring standard of the good produced by them,—if, above all things, they would but try to find out how much they agree, and not how much they differ—we believe, we say, that they might most of them shake hands on all important doctrines and practices, too. *Au reste*, and as concerns matters immaterial, petty customs, and private usages, listen to another tale, the hero of which is a so-called High Churchman. He went to preach at a neighbouring church. The incumbent was from home, and had taken his gown with him. There was nothing but a surplice in the vestry. Our hero was accustomed to preach in a surplice at his own church. There, surely, was every excuse for his following his usual custom on this occasion. But, no! So careful was he not to break through the rule of the church where he was officiating, that *he borrowed the apparitor's gown, and preached in it.* We leave our story to carry its own moral.

A Seasonable Assurance Office.—Assuring "the *life* of a party."

Exercise for the Short-winded.—Catching the breath.

Sound Faith.—Spirit Rapping.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

FROM THE LEVANT.

MEN go to the East, as they write their first novels or choose their first wives, with the determination to be original, to make observations which have not been made before, and to colour their descriptions with paints of their own mixing. But, under the unconscious influence of similarity of diet, of modes of travel, and of companions, it is seldom that their books read like autographs, and not like stereotypes. *Eothen* and *New America* are brilliant exceptions amidst the crowd of books of travel, which differ from each other only as ordinary men differ from each other, and not as men of genius do. So Mr. Arthur Arnold's letters *From the Levant* (published by Chapman and Hall), are singularly colourless in style, and all his enthusiasm overflows with gentlemanly reminiscences of ancient history. Indeed, in those letters relating to Greece the exhaustion of classical learning is too suggestive of recent cramming in anyone but an Oxford professor, or an Eton boy before the holidays. Still, there is a certain modesty in the manner in which he describes scenes, such as the Bay of Naples, and Athens, and Constantinople, which are better known to the aristocratic subscribers to Mudie's than Angel Meadow or Jenkinson-street. He never departs from his calm and uniform style. He does not, like most travellers, taunt you with rapturous descriptions of distant scenery, as if he knew that you would never have a chance of seeing it for yourself, and might safely flirt with your imagination. Indeed, he inspires the kind of confidence which all men do whose manners are reserved, and who never speak loud. Although it is not always possible to decide as to the justness of Mr. Arnold's opinions on commercial affairs and politics, you can always feel quite sure that there is no exaggeration, even of truth, in the book. The following extract is rather a favourable specimen of his style:—

"The rich Greeks are merchants or bankers, living in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in Vienna—everywhere, in fact, where great trade is carried on; and their natural characteristic—a sort of feline quickness and sensibility—makes them generally more successful than the duller-witted peoples they encounter, if only they can be placed on an equality in regard to credit. These compose the absentee aristocracy of Greece, though, of all their accumulated millions, they give naught but *cadeaux* to their country. The wily politicians of Athens flattered them by calling deputies from each of the foreign Greek communities to the National Assembly which elected King George. They subscribe liberally to keep up a war like that of Crete; they are financial wire-pullers at Constantinople, and, if the Sultan's government were not inferior to financial disaster, they would long ago have completed the ruin of his credit; they make the Greek name respected in their individual conduct; they build observatories and schools in Athens; they, in short, treat their country like a poor relation of good blood, of whose connection they are proud, but whose credit they will risk nothing to establish; they give their alms where they should give their fortunes and themselves, and leave the fate of their country to a youthful sovereign, whose misfortune it is to be young, unexperienced, and an alien, and to be cast among a needy crowd of hungry place-hunters, who are generally as barren of moral as they are of financial independence."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE noticeable article in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* (Chapman and Hall) is one entitled "Mr. Gladstone's Work in Finance." It is written in a lucid, energetic, and very appropriate style, to show how Mr. Gladstone has lifted taxation from the sphere of mere political economy into one of almost moral philosophy. His measures are dictated rather by the "enthusiasm of humanity" than by the exigencies of ministerial government. He is represented to us as a fiscal moralist, whose truths are often more wholesome than agreeable. One of Mr. Gladstone's finest qualities is that intellectual suppleness and sensitiveness which permits him to alter his opinions rapidly upon any subject, as soon as he feels that he has erred. It is only stupid people, who have no opinions at all, who cannot understand a man changing his opinions, just as a nude African would be puzzled if he heard of people changing their clothes. The writer of the article does not ignore that Mr. Gladstone's splendid oratorical gift has contributed largely to his success as a financier, by commanding the attention of people to subjects which are generally rendered unattractive. And, indeed, Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches may be said to be symmetrically beautiful with figures; he makes you feel that, if he liked, he could render *Bradshaw's Guide* as interesting as a three-volume novel.

AFTER THE PANTOMIMES.

[AT THE RIGHT HON. JAMES LEA'S.]

OLD-FASHIONED moralists are doubtless, to some extent, right in connecting theatre-going with other habits which, to their stern asceticism, suggest foolish indulgences. The heated atmosphere, the not disagreeable feeling of being some mild way on the "rant," and the gregarious tendencies of mankind, chiefly tending in this case towards critical chat with reference to the play just witnessed, combine to make a glass of beer delightful, and to render places of resort where such refreshment is to be obtained popular. With each of the two principal theatres are connected one or more establishments where much of the business consists in satisfying the wants of thirst amusement-seekers. We shall try, in this and a subsequent paper, to give a short sketch of one of the most frequented and best known houses which are associated with the Royal and Prince's Theatres.

Readers of the *Sphinx* may remember various references to the Right Hon. James Lea's establishment, and to it, the place of honour is justly due. Mere outsiders may feel a little astonishment at our choice, and at our passing over at least one place of a much more pretentious character, but failing popularity. A difficulty meets us at the outset of our description, owing to the circumstance that the house has no name. It may well be imagined that the euphoniously-sounding title at the head of the paper is little adapted for everyday use. The place is known through the length and breadth of beer-consuming Manchester as "Jim Lea's;" and this is changed, when it is meant to be particularly respectful, into "Jimmy Lea's." The appearance of the place is not prepossessing. Indeed it is very much the reverse. It is a very small, low, white house, so far resembling a cellar that you descend two or three steps to enter it. Without introduction or previous information of a reliable character, a visitor would hesitate as to the desirability of trusting himself therein. Such hesitation would certainly vanish after the first visit, without any chance of being at any time renewed. Like the exterior, the interior is on an exceedingly diminutive scale. On entering the door to the left hand is the large room of the establishment. On quiet nights this is little used, but on Saturdays, or other specially busy evenings, it is crowded. Its chief ornament is a shelf with a double row of shining glasses, and the celerity with which Mrs. Lea contrives to fill these and satisfy impatient demands on the occasion of a crush, is wonderful. Advancing two or three paces we come to the bar, a place so small that it appears overflowing when Mr. Lea and his arm chair occupy different places in it. Separated by a partition, over which is generally thrown a wet towel, is the snuggery, *the* room of the place. This, too, is on the tiniest possible scale. Three yards by two would not much under-estimate its dimensions. The whole thing seems dwarfed and in miniature. A small fire-place, whence the fire is transferred to the bar as night comes on, two tiny tables, a padded form round the room, and a highly ornamental and useless arrangement beneath the gas burner, constitute the chief "fixings" of the place.

So much for the *locale* of our observations. "Mine host" is even more peculiar. He is in appearance and habit a "character," probably the best known man of his class in the district. Like the village blacksmith, a mighty man is he; so big that when compared with his little rooms, he assumes the proportions of a gigantic monster. Imagine a florid, sandy Falstaff after three weeks of reduced rations, with a voice just a trifle asthmatic, and you have a rough idea of Mr. Lea. One feature, which is generally supposed to have an important influence on the appearance of a man, we have not touched on: the hair. Nor has our reticence been altogether without excuse, for Mr. Lea's hair is only conspicuous by its absence. Uninitiated folk may hastily conclude that he is bald. Such conclusion would be rash in the extreme. For some reason, into which it would be impertinent to inquire, the right honourable gentleman sees fit to have it shaved, and to keep it about one-sixteenth of an inch long. By some occult power it is always kept the same length. The interest which is felt by frequenters in its state, and the excitement produced by the least hint of any alteration are curious, and "watching the growth of Jimmy Lea's hair" has been the excuse for many an extra "beer." Of course, as may be supposed, "chaff" of a more or less delicate nature has been mercilessly made use of, and the victim's faculties have been trained to a marvellous quickness in self-defence. The suggestions which strangers are compelled to make to account for the appearance of Mr. Lea's head are sometimes horrible. Among the pleasantest is that he has only just emerged from durance vile; and yet the Right Honourable James, in the highest good humour, smiles with the pride of conscious innocence and virtue. His ordinary attire is a grey suit, of which the coat has been from time immemorial without a button; so long, in fact, that the belief is gaining ground that the maker, and not the wearer, is responsible for its absence. But Mr. Lea has a delicate appreciation of the proprieties, and very well knows how to adapt himself to circumstances. On Thursday evening, out of respect to Mr. Hallé and the full-dress visitors who on that night inundate his cellar, Rumour whispers that alterations of a very remarkable character render his costume harmonious with others. The organ of order must be large in Mr. Lea's phrenological development, for there is something faddy and almost Tysonian about his primness in objecting to the slightest disarrangement of any article of furniture. The too careless removal of a spittoon might lead to the rupture of the oldest and most intimate friendship. Mr. Lea entertains the profoundest contempt for the town council, and is not a little proud of having told its members to their faces that he considers them nothing better than an assemblage of shopkeepers. He has great faith in the wisdom and beneficial results of rural walks on Sunday; consequently, he is or was, till a very recent period, very well known on the Bowdon line. Finally, he is, till a very late hour at night, a strict teetotaler.

The visitors to Lea's are of a very heterogeneous and miscellaneous character. In the early part of the day there is a small sprinkling of business men, who, out of regard to the excellence of the beer and cheese, which are irreproachable, manage to find an opportunity of calling; and, if there be a rehearsal at the Royal, they are not unlikely to meet with some thirsty or tired actors. But the real work of the place begins at night. There are two distinct classes of visitors—occasional and regular. The former come in with a great rush during the intervals between the performances at the theatre or the Free Trade Hall. They order "milds" or "bitters," consume them in a great hurry, and hasten away to take part in what remains of the amusement. Only the very hungry or philosophical indulge in biscuit and cheese or small fractions of pie, which are the standard edibles. Others come with a determination of finding a comfortable corner in the snuggery. If, by chance, the room is full, they retire to the other place, sulkily, till they are told that there are seats at liberty. Gatherings like these are necessarily evanescent in character. It is curious to think how many such changes have taken place in the thirty years during which the house has been a popular one. The bald-headed club, so-called, is now only represented by one or two of its old members, and they have not now, as they had in the old times, any fear of taking off their hats. Yet there are now some dozen people who may be seen there with an approach to regularity; who are on sufficiently intimate terms with each other, and with their host, to unbend when not interfered with by the presence of outsiders and strangers. They comprise several theatrical people, including two or three of the leading actors at the Royal Theatre, very proud of their stock company, and very hard on the literary work of their pantomime. It may shock the prejudices of the charitable religious

world, but it is nevertheless a fact, that so far as actors are represented at Mr. Lea's, they are quiet, educated, and polished gentlemen. Two or three business men with Bohemian tastes, and a youngster or two, very proud of sitting in such society, who are made happy for a week if "Fred," "Frank," or "Tom" will have a cigar with them, make up the regular assembly. With them sits Mr. Lea, perching himself on the top a painfully fragile stool, and relates stories with surprising gusto. The talk is generally more or less theatrical. Strange tales of the ups and downs of actors' lives, of extraordinary benefits and adventures fill up the time till a few minutes after eleven. Then a very large watch is produced, Mr. Lea taps the partition and solemnly says, "Now, gentlemen, please." So firmly is his authority established that no protest is ever made. All quietly pass out, to go home, or find other and perhaps less innocent places of entertainment.

A GROWL FROM A NON-SMOKER.

I have the misfortune to be cursed by a very bad habit. I do not smoke. Here it would be pleasant if the matter could rest. Once I might have plumed myself on having kept myself free from an undesirable accomplishment. Now, for the sake of peace, I should be glad to admit that, for some reason or other which is not worth inquiring into, I have not chosen to qualify myself, like the great majority of my fellow men, for the enjoyment of a luxury. Unhappily for my comfort the question is not allowed to rest. Formerly the man who made use of the "stinking weed" did so with some sort of submission to a regard for the convenience of his acquaintances, and with a semi-conviction that his habits might possibly be inconvenient. Now, smoking has become almost universal. The number of its devotees has increased, and is increasing, to such an extent that the non-smoker is now the exception, and is gradually coming to be regarded as a nuisance. With their growing numbers, their presumption grows. If I venture, whilst travelling, to point out to anyone, who is using a pipe or cigar, that I do not like it, and that there is a smoking carriage at the other end of the train, I am at once put down, without any further inquiry, as a disagreeable snob, and am talked at for the remainder of the journey with a ferocity which is eminently provocative of assault and battery. Because I don't smoke I am alternately patronised and bullied. The youngest lad of my acquaintance, who proudly and conspicuously airs his ability to puff away at a cigar without outward demonstration of inward qualms, on my declining his proffered "weed," considers that he has established a right to sneer, and to regard himself as a very superior fellow indeed. Is the fact of a constant use of the pernicious weed indisputable proof of the possession of more brain than usual, or its neglect sufficient evidence of a weak intellect? I am always at a loss to understand why smoking should be considered an accomplishment betokening considerable natural ability. Further, I wish to protest against the notion which is gradually spreading, that he who does not smoke is rather a sneak and "goody." This is an idea which is becoming more and more prevalent among ladies, especially the younger generation. It may be that under the rose they occasionally try a cigar themselves, and have some experience of the unpleasantness which may result. But it does seem grossly unjust that because I am unable to see the beauty of the habit, I should be put down as an unmitigated milksop.

RITUALISTIC MOVEMENTS.—Playing at *Cross* Purposes.

A RELATIVE POSITION.—Standing Godfather.

A SLIGHT ATTACHMENT.—Sticking to a Point.

DICKENS VERSUS THACKERAY.

WHILST Sir Joshua Reynolds was at the height of his popularity there was also another portrait painter much sought after; Romney to wit. He and Sir Joshua divided the town between them; causing some man of note—a lawyer we think—to exclaim on one occasion "There aretwo factions here: The Reynolds faction and the Romney faction. I belong to the Romney faction." Not many, we opine, belong to the Romney faction now. There is no Romney faction. Similarly as regards our two great novelists, we have our Dickens faction and our Thackeray faction; and it would be quite impossible, we suppose, by force of argument, to bring one of either faction over to the other. That, therefore, is no part of the intention of this paper, our object being merely to note a point or two where the two writers differ. And to put our readers on their guard we tell them, at the outset, that we belong to the Thackeray faction.

Thackeray had one great advantage over Dickens, in having a wider experience, for he had spent some portion of his youth in India, and was educated at a public school in London; he knew retired Indian officers, both military and of the civil service; mixed from the first, not as a lion, but as an ordinary acquaintance, with a great variety of people, not only in London, but in various parts of the country, in Ireland, and on the continent. He knew the Art life of London—having a taste that way himself—and the Literary equally well. Now Dickens had few or none of these advantages. Although not born in London, he was, strictly speaking, a London boy. Most of his life has been spent in London amongst London people. He didn't need to struggle much either, but became popular very early, and early was made a lion of, which prevented him getting a true experience of life amongst his own class ever after, for a lion is always flattered, caressed, or bored. Nobody appears in his true character before a lion. Then, again, Dickens was early struck by cockney wit; much interested by hackney coachmen and street boys; and not only could report their sayings with improvements, but had a marvellous power of saying things in a voluble and piquant way, which delighted every one with its cleverness, and causing—the only bad thing about it—a host of imitators, so that scarcely any one says or writes anything in a simple straight-forward manner now-a-days, but tries to be smart and piquant *a-la* Dickens—which is a pity. Thackeray wasn't smart and was a great lover of simplicity. The charm in his writings, therefore, is just the opposite of Dickens'. Thackeray's characters speak in the language common to Englishmen; Dickens's in the language (with improvements) common to Londoners. Dickens is a witty writer; Thackeray a humourous. Dickens's characters are all strongly marked; he looks out for extraordinary people and those only, but clever though his portraits of them are, they are not finished portraits; he leaves out all details that he thinks will interfere with the salient points, so that, admirably though they conduct themselves when on the boards, we cannot imagine how they will conduct themselves when off; they are, as it were, non-existant when behind the scenes. Thackeray's mode of treatment is just the reverse of this. His portraits dont strike you; they dawn upon you. He leaves out nothing; cares very little for contrast. He paints his characters as though he loved them, and was loth to part from them. Instead of slighting or scorning details he delights in them, and adds touch after touch without ever giving one that would be better away.

Dickens is brilliant. His advent was like that of a meteor, but, unlike a meteor, he staid with us and rapidly became a fixed star—looked up to with delight by millions. No one can deny his wonderful genius. Thackeray is homely and not at all bril-

liant. His advent wasn't marked. He crept amongst us in an anonymous kind of way through a series of magazine articles, and along the columns of *Punch*, and wasn't recognised as anything particular till he was close on forty. Dickens always writes with all his might: you feel that when he has done he has exhausted his description, illustration, or what not; that he could not say another smart thing on the subject to save his life. Whereas Thackeray never puts forth all his power. He has always force in reserve and, as we never know or can know how much he has left, it is, in effect, the same as though it were infinite: a great advantage to a man. In Dickens there is a great deal of the melo-dramatic. Many of his characters are overdrawn, such as Mr. Dombey and Ralph Nickleby, whilst others—in his earliest book, written somewhat experimentally—his Snodgrass and Winkle are little better than caricatures. But we ought always to bear in mind that Dickens's genius is of the brilliant order; to write as he does he requires to be in a writing mood—and that it is the nature of that kind of genius to be liable to aberrations and extravagances. It is to his being so constituted that we are indebted for his finest things. We could not have the one without the other. Then why quarrel with the inevitable? In Thackeray we have the calm well-balanced man of genius, who requires only health and quietness to enable him to do his work. Give him them and one time is as good as another to him.

Besides being a comic writer Dickens is somewhat of a sentimentalist. His pathos is often forced. It does not always arise naturally out of the circumstances. He sits down with the intention, when so inclined, of being pathetic—and succeeds. At the same time—being amiable—though he wishes everybody to be happy and good he yet takes great care never to tread on his readers' corns. Not so Thackeray. He is never sentimental. There is a ground-current of seriousness, almost pathetic, running through his principal stories, which is never altogether hidden; not even when his characters are most frolicsome. Now and then his pathos breaks through, but never for long, and always at the proper time. He, too, would like everybody to be happy—but not with sugar-plums. He has too great respect for men to treat them as though they were babies. He knows that there can be no real happiness for anyone until they have put off the old Adam. Therefore he probes every sin; strips off all disguises, shewing that what were thought to be virtues were oft-times nothing but vices lackered; and in short makes his reader so uneasy that, unless he is one of a thousand, he shuts the book calling his teacher hard names cynic and such like—and rushes forth in search of more palatable ware.

This paper was begun with an allusion to Reynolds; we will close it by another. During Sir Joshua's reign he had—besides Romney—another and a worthier rival in Gainsborough. They were both of the highest order of painters, and had each of them sterling though diverse gifts. In Art there is nothing more delightful than an opportunity of seeing a picture by each Master side by side, nor a better study than comparing their merits. One doesn't trouble oneself much in trying to decide which is the greater painter, and it may be that most people will incline first one way and then the other. There is even a pleasure of the delightful tantalising kind in not being able to decide. But better than any decision, no matter how just or final, is the feeling of thankfulness that we have both. Just so we would like the matter to rest as regards Dickens and Thackeray. May they go down to posterity like brothers, hand in hand; the two great novel writers of the Victorian era.

A DENTIST'S WALK.—Stirring his Stumps.

NICE GIRLS TO KNOW.—Pleasant Sallies.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STAGE

IN MANCHESTER.

II. GUSTAVUS V. BROOKE.

ON the retirement of Mr. Clarke from the management of the Theatre Royal, in Fountain-street, the new lessees—Mr. J. H. Anderson, better known as the Wizard of the North, and Mr. W. J. Hammond—opened the theatre on the 27th December, 1841, with some spirit and promise. It was upon this evening, when Hamlet was performed by Mr. Charles Kean with Miss Ellen Tree as Ophelia, that the poisoning catastrophe already mentioned occurred, and was nearly being as effectual with Polonius and Laertes as it was with the Queen. Mr. Kean and Miss Tree, who shortly afterwards became husband and wife, fulfilled an engagement of nine nights, at the close of which Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, who was destined to make his mark in London, and nearly every theatre in Great Britain, America, and Australia, made his first appearance on the boards of the Manchester Theatre Royal, as Richard Duke of Glo'ster, and made a very favourable impression. At that time he was a very young man, not above twenty two-years of age, although he had such a well-knit commanding figure that he looked much older. Previously he had fulfilled some short starring engagements at the Dublin and Belfast theatres, as well as at the Queen's Theatre here, and other provincial establishments. During his first season in Manchester, which only lasted a few weeks, as the theatre had to be given up to the Great Anti-Corn-Law Bazar, Brooke at once stamped himself as a powerful and original actor, and it was predicted that he would attain the highest position on the British Stage. During his first season in which he appeared here, one circumstance decidedly militated against him, and that was the want of support which he received from the actor who played second parts to him. We have often heard of the bad effects which arise from a leading actor having the management of a theatre. In this case we have an instance of a manager fancying that he could play important parts when he was not qualified to perform at Knot Mill Fair. When Brooke played Richard, Macbeth, and Hamlet, the Wizard of the North, the lessee, actually undertook the parts of Richmond, Macduff, and the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. The assumption of the majesty of buried Denmark by the worthy conjuror was so ludicrous that we may devote a few lines to it. With a great bunch of green gauze or muslin fastened round his buttocks, intended, we fancy, to represent a sort of halo, but which more resembled a swimming apparatus, the Ghost flitted about the stage in the most fantastic style, but when he began to "scent the morning air," and turned his face to the audience, revealing the well-known necromancing features of the Wizard, with one eye closed as if he was winking at the pit, and handling his baton exactly as he did his magician's wand in his feats of legerdemain, or what he called his "ambi-dextri-ological science" what could the audience do but titter, in spite of poor Hamlet's attitude of awe and horror. Brooke, however, was a a man of great presence of mind and not easily disconcerted, as his last scene in this world amply proved. On one occasion we saw him playing Romeo, and in the midst of a rhapsodical address to Juliet, his wig came nearly off. A smile overspread the lovely Capulet's features, but on her quickly conveying to Romeo what was the matter, he dexterously managed to get his head behind her and, emerging in a second, he went on again as if nothing had happened.

Being a man of commanding figure, fine features, and possessed of marvellous powers of facial expression, and a powerful and musical voice, he was peculiarly well adapted to pourtray the chief characters of Shakspere, and he succeeded in almost every one which he undertook. Of all his performances perhaps his mos

powerful delineation was that of Othello, in which he subsequently made his *debut* in London and took the town by storm. His Iago was also a master-piece of acting. On one occasion Mr. Anderson, then the popular favourite under Macready's management at Drury Lane, came down to Manchester for one night, and played Othello, in which he had just made a hit in London. Mr. Anderson was magnificently attired in a robe of crimson velvet reaching nearly to his feet, and succeeded at once in rousing the sympathies of the audience. Brooke, who played Iago, was draped in a very shabby costume, but he performed his part, as he always did when he was put upon his mettle by rivalry, with such masterly force, subtlety and skill, that he carried the audience completely with him, and the Moor was temporarily eclipsed. Some time after, the reverse took place; Mr. Macready, who was fulfilling an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, played Iago—a favourite character of his, and one of his best. Brooke, who this time played Othello, was even more villainously attired than on the occasion alluded to. Dressed in dirty old fleshings, with something strongly resembling a blanket thrown over his shoulders, his first appearance, when he rushed on to the stage to quell the drunken brawl, was anything but prepossessing compared with Macready in his correct and tasteful costume. As the play advanced, however, Brooke entered into the part with so much power, displaying alternately such passionate tenderness, such bursts of the most awful jealous rage, despair, and remorse, that his beggarly costume was completely lost sight of, and the audience experienced a series of electric shocks, until the consummation of the tragedy, when the curtain went down amid a whirlwind of applause. Had the audience had their own way, Othello would have been the first to have come before the curtain, but Brooke was the last man to put himself forward in any ungracious way at the expense of a stranger, and particularly one of such eminence.

In nearly all his other Shaksperian characters he was more or less successful. His Coriolanus was a noble performance. Indeed, he excelled in Roman characters, such as Brutus, Marc Antony and Virginius. At Liverpool, one night, he played Marc Antony, in *Julius Cæsar*, to the Brutus of Anderson and the Cassius of George Vandenhoff, and although, on that occasion, also, he was abominably costumed, he completely carried off the honours of the evening. One of his most powerful characters was that of Sir Giles Overeach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. In the scene between father and daughter he exhibited an awful display of rage, lust, and avarice. In such parts, also, as Master Walter, Richelieu, and Matthew Elmore in *Love's Sacrifice*, he was eminently successful. Considering the undoubted genius which Brooke possessed and his natural qualifications, it was a misfortune that he had such a wayward disposition. Sometimes he acted very carelessly. We have seen him play Macbeth in such a slovenly manner as almost to draw upon himself the disapprobation of the audience. Indeed, we have heard a story told of him that, on one occasion, on the curtain rising in a scene where he was discovered seated, he found himself incapable of rising and prudently kept his seat until the curtain was lowered again. Not long before his death, when playing one night at Belfast, he could not go on with his part. The audience expressed their disapproval and Brooke declined to proceed. Next day, disgusted with himself, he printed a public apology, and appeared again the following night, and completely electrified a crowded house by his performance of Virginius. At nearly all times he required the excitement of rivalry or a full house to wind him up to make a great effort.

Whenever a metropolitan star appeared on the Manchester stage during Brooke's various engagements, he always shone to the greatest advantage, and on several occasions he performed along with Miss Helen Fawcit, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, and other distinguished actresses, rather gaining than losing by his association with them. At different times he declined or threw up several London engagements. After his successful appearance at the Olympic we believe Mr. Webster offered him a most lucrative engagement at the Haymarket for a year. Previous to this he refused an offer from Mr. Macready when he had Drury Lane Theatre. After his successful tour in America he unfortunately undertook the management of a New York Theatre, which ruined him. On his return he fulfilled a short engagement at Drury Lane, and made a successful tour through the provinces. He then went to Australia where he made quite a sensation, but in an evil hour he became lessee of the Melbourne Theatre, and as he was totally unfit to manage any place of public entertainment, he lost all his earnings. Returning home in impaired health he played in the provinces with more or less success, but although possessed of his former fire, with more mature judgment than he had in his early years his voice had become husky, and partly in hopes of restoring it and with a view to recruit his general health, he sailed once more for Australia in the ill-fated London, in 1866. The result is in the recollection of our readers, After being tossed about in the Bay of Biscay for several days the steamer foundered, and the heroic and dignified behaviour of poor Brooke on that occasion will not be readily forgotten. After working with the greatest energy and cheerfulness at the pumps and encouraging others, until all hope was abandoned, the actor faced death with the utmost fortitude, and sending his farewell to the people of Melbourne by the steward, who was attempting to escape with some of the crew in one of the boats, he leaned against the door of the companion and disappeared with the vessel a few minutes afterwards.

THE SONG OF THE SEA ROVERS.

ANNO DOMINI 1[illegible].

[FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.]

When in Otranto's gulf we lay,
We were thirty men;
When we sighted Cadiz bay,
We were ten!

Tom Robins, a seaman from Dover,
At the Pharos bade us farewell,
Setting forth to try to discover
Satan confined in his cell;
Should, perchance, an earthquake open
Etna's red portals of Hell.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay,
We were thirty men;
When we sighted Cadiz bay,
We were ten!

A Tarantula in Calabria
Made Spitafangarua mad;
At Gaëta to see Michelama,
Asanio was glad.
Courting took him away awhile,
And then marriage lost us the lad.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

At Naples, Ebid, from Northern Greece,
Was hanged—a final stopper;
At Capri, Anthony by the police
To the galleys was sent—for a copper;
At Malta, Ofani turned Monk; and Gobbo,
As Harlequin, a hopper.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

Next, Andrew of Pavia's luck was ill:
He was ta'en by the Turks at Lipari,
And entered a Harem, against his will;
But they first, to make it sure that he
Would thenceforth lead a moral life,
Took a material guarantee.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

Then three of us, from all fear serene,
Of man, of God, of king, of sin,
By way of assisting Prince Eugene,
And also his enemy Mazarin,
Assisted Fuentes to take Genoa,
And also Harcourt to take Turin.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

Off Leghorn we came in sight
Of Spinola's fleet of twenty sail.
We cheered at the chance of such a fight!
Fourteen ships and six galleys in hail!
But, bah! we had scarcely hoisted colours,
When off they scudded with the gale.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

At the next port we sailed into
A charming incident had we;
In absence of mind Luke Diavolo
Went off with Peter Angelo's she;
Whereupon the Angel took his revenge
By pitching the Devil into the sea.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

At Palma off to join Pescar,
Away went eight the self-same day,
But that didn't trouble us very far,
Nor caused our roving much delay;
Before Algiers we carried on war,
And love at Gibraltar's rock so grey.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

We valiant ten, we took the city,
And the king himself! Wasn't that a thing?
Masters of all, king, town and jetty,
Yet not seeing the good our spoils would bring,
In a gracious speech, polite and pretty,
We restored them all to his lord the king!
When in Otranto's gulf, &c.

Each of my comrades were of Castille
Made a duke, a baron, or a grandee,
And set off in state to proud Seville,
To marry ladies of high degree.
To me the king said:—"Wed my child!"
but I answered:—"Excuse me, your majesty."
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

"There far away where the restless wave
"Tumbles for aye in the winter night,
"Is a wild black eye, both fierce and grave,
"And a smile at once both proud and bright,
"Which walk with a voice that sings for me,
"Sings for me in the waning light.
When in Otranto's gulf we lay, &c.

"I've my Faieuzette at Fiesone,
"On her my love has long been set;
"The wind blows fresh and the billows moan,
"To fly to her in my bark I get.
"O king! thy daughter has the crown,
"But beauty has my Faieuzette!"
When in Otranto's gulf we lay,
We were thirty men;
When we sighted Cadiz bay,
We were ten.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy is often charged with illiberality in refusing to extend its ranks beyond the original number of Forty members. The Pecksniff of Art at one time, we remember, strenuously advocated the outsiders' claim for admission, but with no reasonable arguments that we could see. Now, we have no respect for the Royal Academy. We think it shares the fate of most corporate bodies; that it is fairly open to the charge of favouritism—avarice—and has been actuated by personal dislike to, here and there, a man of genius; and it is partly because it is, and has been so, that we are in favour of its decision not to admit more than the usual Forty. For we know that within the body there are several that have no right to be there—men of no genius—small-minded men; and though it may not be fair to charge the small fry with the sins of the associated body, it is yet quite natural to do so. We expect small-souled men, and they only, to act in a peddling spirit. And to extend the number beyond Forty, would only, we conceive, make matters worse; for men of genius being rare, the new members would, in large majority, be of the pettifogging kind, and end in making the body so contemptible that no man of worth would allow his name to appear as a member.

What the Royal Academy needs is, not an increase of its members, but more care in the selection of them; for, we suppose, it will be granted that only men of undoubted genius ought to be enrolled. There are never more than forty men of artistic genius living at one time in this country; and we defy anyone to name forty at the present time. It ought to be an honour to be a member of the Royal Academy; but it is not so now, for, on looking over the list of present members, we count fifteen who, we are sure, have no business there, besides four others that we know nothing of. Not much of an honour, therefore, seeing that men of quite mediocre talent have the coveted initials also. The fewer the number, the greater the honour; and, if all were men of genius, it would be an honour indeed. Now, increase the number to, say sixty, and, under the present conditions—limited supply of genius—we don't think that any man of sense would esteem it an honour at all. Amongst outsiders, we can only call to mind three who deserved the title of R.A.—George Cruikshank, John Linnell, and Holman Hunt. Not that the title could add a tittle to the honour they have already won. The title R.A. wouldn't add one hairsbreadth to their height in the estimation of their countrymen; but it would have been a graceful act on the part of the Academy to have admitted them, and, in honouring them, they would far more have honoured themselves. For want of those three names, the Royal Academy is as much the lower in the estimation of thinking people.

The Royal Academy are reputed to be rich. The curse of riches is upon them. They have neither the heart to spend their wealth, nor wisdom to use it to any good purpose. The only pleasure got out of it is by several old fogies amongst them who watch the pile, and gloat over it as it gets bigger and bigger.

The honour of belonging to the Royal Academy isn't much, but the solid advantages—and it may be these only, after all, that are coveted—are considerable, especially to a young man. An R.A's pictures cannot be rejected. They are, moreover, always hung first and on the line. An Academician, should he be disabled and need assistance, is provided for, and should he or should an Associate die his widow and children are raised considerably above want. A young R.A. has peace of mind, therefore, and needn't distress himself in trying to make a provision for his family, but is free to follow the bent of his genius. But, generally speaking, men don't get the coveted initials when they are young. Before they get them they have an established reputation, and in these days prudent men of genius—and common sense is one of the attributes

of genius—don't need assistance of a pecuniary nature. On this account the calls upon the Royal Academy, we imagine, are few.

It would be unwise, we consider, to extend the number of Academicians beyond the present number of Forty, but with the Associates the case is different. They might with perfect safety be extended indefinitely. Any young man of genius, as soon as he is found, might and ought to be made an A.R.A. In their case there are only two points that need to be considered. First, he has a vote in the election of R.A's from his own body. Now the Associates might combine, and fix upon one of their number and probably secure his election. But really there would be no harm in this, for it is quite improbable that they would choose the least worthy; the chances are they would fix upon the most worthy. Or, if they did not combine, they might arrange one with another "I will vote for you if you will vote for me." In that case their votes would nullify each other and the election would be decided by the Academicians. The other point is the provision made for them in case of sickness or death. This would be a blessing rather than otherwise under present circumstances, for by this means the Academy might, in the course of time, get rid of its surplus funds—a problem that must perplex some of its members now and then.

RATS.

How now? a rat!—HAMLET.

WE have a decided aversion to rats, which remains unconquerable in the face of the fact that in the wise economy of nature they are found to serve many useful purposes. So, doubtless, do snakes and other vermin, which, nevertheless, are destroyed wherever met with. It is not our intention to write a chapter of natural history concerning rats; it will be sufficient for our purpose to note that they are predatory animals—sleek, cunning, and on occasions vicious, with a disposition to trespass into storehouses and barns, and displaying a certain fondness for garbage. These marked characteristics may help us to point a moral, and, mayhap, adorn a tale.

It is a fact, which Mr. Darwin's development theory may help to explain, that, in the lower part of his nature, man is often found to resemble the inferior animals in a very marked degree. If it be true that, through various stages of life from mud and ooze, and the infusoria allied thereto, the creature called man has been developed, it may account for the various brutish peculiarities still remaining in his nature. But, perhaps, the solution of this problem had best be left to Mr. Darwin, Professor Huxley, or the author of *The Missing Link*.

It is not necessary to go far to find in one's fellows the animal resemblance in question. The asinine is pretty generally known and acknowledged. The snake nature is by no means a rarity. Jackals and wolves abound. Notably in history there was "that fox Herod." In *In Memoriam* we have the laureate calling upon men to

> Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die.

Descending into the region of insects we find moths, butterflies, and wasps innumerable, and so on through the whole chapter.

But to confine ourselves to rats and their human types. To judge from experience there seems to be a good deal of the rat nature in man, however it may have got there. Every department of social life is infested with human rats. The species often vary, but they have all something in common. Polonius had much of the rat in his nature which induced him to sneak behind the arras to overhear the conversation between the queen and Hamlet, in order that he might report to the king. He was, as Goethe has described him in *Wilhelm Meister*, a "respectable, gray-haired, enduring, time-serving, half-knavish individual;" courtly, sleek, and cunning. In his "exterior gracefulness and interior meanness" he might be taken as a type of the political or diplomatic rat.

Of the rats that prey upon society in a criminal way their name is legion. The trapped specimens may be seen at the police courts, and other like places, where they may be studied to considerable advantage. There are rats which, from over cunning on their own part, do not come under the head of criminals, but are quite as dangerous. They are mean sly rats who work behind the arras of respectability. There is the long-*tailed* Limited Liability rat of bubble companies and other schemes. There is the Stock-exchange rat, who nibbles premiums by depreciating shares. There is the Friendly and Loan Society rat, who preys upon the earnings of working men. Those who have had any experience in business matters will be familiar with some specimens of the Commercial rat. Wherever wealth is accumulated there will always be found those who wish to possess themselves of it by dishonourable means. The trade of our city is infested with rats of this kind, who skulk in its lanes and alleys and bye-places. The Long Firm is a general term inclusive of the majority of them, but there are others who do not come under that designation who, nevertheless, are equally vermin. Acting in concert together, the trading rat buys goods for which he never intends to pay; gets advances for them from the rat who, safe under the shelter of commercial law, is in no danger of being charged with receiving stolen property. Many of the sleek, cunning rats, who have devoured the substance of those they have preyed on, may be met with in the Bankruptcy Court, when they have often nothing more to offer their creditors than their precious skins.

The existence of rats suggests ratcatchers. At examination there will, in some respects, be found a strong resemblance between the rat and the ratcatcher. This is no superficial statement. When Mr. Tennyson makes Ulysses say

> "I am a part of all that I have met"

he gives expression to a general law which, in the matter with which we are dealing, will be found true. It is a fact that the man whose life is devoted to the catching of rats will get to wear a sort of rat-like look. No one so closely resembles a thief as a detective. The quality of cunning in the rat or thief has to be met by a similar quality in the captor of either, the cultivation and exercise of which leaves its impression. It was once our misfortune to be called, in the exercise of painful duty, for the purpose of identification, to accompany a sheriff's officer in his devious wanderings in search of a Commercial rat. This individual had, in a systematic manner, preyed upon the goods of several merchants, and it became necessary to hunt him down. To the student of human nature it was interesting to note the zest with which the human ratcatcher followed his prey. He was prepared to watch the dwelling of the rat with all the patience of a terrier; to scale walls, and, if need be, to make his way inside through the avenue which led to the receptacle for the gentleman's coals. It is needless to tell how patiently and assidiously he dogged his victim until, betrayed by fellow rats, the culprit was fairly run down and cornered. At the moment of capture there was a sharp gleam in the eyes, and a showing of the fixed teeth on the part of the rat, and a look of satisfaction in the face of the sheriff's officer, which were eminently suggestive. The triumph of the latter was not complete until he had safely lodged his rat in gaol and taken a receipt for his body. Unfortunately, this imprisonment of the delinquent was only a temporary preventative of his depredations. Released after a while by the Bankruptcy Commission, to sue in *forma pauperis*, he took advantage of his liberty to flee the city, and when next we heard of him he had managed successfully to swindle confiding Londoners to the tune of some thousands of pounds. Doubtless, at this time, he still pursues his nefarious rat's work.

So much for this time of rats in general, and the Commercial rat in particular. At another convenient season we may have a word or two more to say upon a subject which we have by no means exhausted.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s , to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., to 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s , 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d , 5s., to 6s 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d. 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d,
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d , 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 2s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅞ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	6½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 10d.
15 Pieces	ditto, various, to	3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	7½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		..7s 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen ditto		7½d.
10 Dozen ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 4½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars. 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto. ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces. price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Fellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs .....8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties .....9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen	11½d.	half-dozen.
50 Dozen	1s. 2½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 4½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 6½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
50 Dozen	2s.	,,
and so on to	9s.	,,

Ready hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem stitched ..... 4½d. to 5s each.
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2 000

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

DIFFICULTIES OF SHORT TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SPHINX."]

SIR,—Your very sensible remarks upon Short Time will have been read very generally with great interest; but I submit the subject is one of greater difficulty than is generally supposed. I quite agree with you as to its expediency—nay, necessity—but how is it to be accomplished? Until three months ago, I had been working four days a week during a period of two months, and the result was the loss of nearly all my best hands. I was thus driven to this alternation—of shutting up altogether, or resuming full time. I choose the latter. Now, I don't blame spinners for not working Short Time, but they are censurable for tampering with the hands of those who do. I would suggest, therefore, that those spinners who cannot, or will not, resort to Short Time, enter into an engagement on no account to give employment to the work-people of those who are fighting the battle for the trade. This, in my opinion, would do more than anything else to promote Short Time.—Yours,

MUMPS.

Manchester, 19th January.

THE DRIVER:

OR MANNERS ON THE ROAD.

OF all the minor topics of discomfiture common to town pedestrians, there are few on which we have chanced to hear more ebullitions of private wrath and indignation than can be laid to the account of the Driver—be he cab or cart driver. And more especially when the streets are clogged and slippery with greasy mud. The accusations against him are variously indignant. Thus: he drives recklessly down upon you when you dare not run for fear of slipping, and, while so doing, delights to shout you into a state of frenzy. If he sees you crossing the road leisurely, having exactly calculated the necessary time to enable you to do so with suitable dignity when in sight of the Misses Fitz-Snivvins, he whips up his horse to make you accelerate your speed, and so seem undignified in those eyes. He dashes at full speed round a corner in a crowded thoroughfare, with little or no warning to the throng of passers-by, and, if interrogated, says he was "catching a train." And, to sum up, he is plainly of opinion, both in theory and practice, that *foot passengers* (he scorns the word) have no business anywhere but on the actual flagged pavement when he is even so much as in sight; and that, in any case, they are not entitled to the slightest consideration save the negative one of being hunted down and terrified. In calmer support of these sweeping accusations we have ourselves been witness to two occurrences. The first was a coach laden with luggage, and having "four inside," which was—the horse we mean—flogged at a good imitation of a gallop round the corner from Oxford-street into Ch rles-street. Our attention to this was drawn, first, from personal danger—cabby having given no warning—and secondly, by the intense agitation of an elderly gentleman (we have his name and address) who had a a very narrow escape of, or rather from, being run over. This gentleman was eager for vengeance, but cabby was by that time beyond his reach, and no one knew his number. The second case occurred in Bond-street when it was—*mirabile dictu—bonâ fide* a "thoroughfare." Three men were seated on the front of an empty lurry; the middle one of whom "prodded" the horse with a sharp instrument, causing it to kick up behind and set off at a swinging t ot. This was done—we marked the action well, and its accompanying brutal, we may say "horse" laughter—at the moment when a wonderful specimen of eccentric old lady was nervously picking her way across the road. Perhaps she expected it. Perhaps long experience had accustomed her to the ways of men. At all events she took no further notice of her tormentors than to kick up behind, as the horse had done, and complete her journey in a series of feeble little prances. These cases and these accusations may be exceptional: we hope so. They may be the consequences of beer: we are doubtful. We may be—saving our two authentic cases—quite under a false impression: we cheerfully submit that to a competent public. But, apart from any question of law; apart from the maliciousness or beeriness of individuals, we do think that if cabby and carter have a right to the highway carriage road, and insist on going along it in a dogged and careless manner, foot passengers have as great a right to safe transit—upon special sets of stones—across the turnings into bye-streets than is often accorded by the driver in his manners on the road.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE.

FROM REALMAH, BY ARTHUR HELPS.

LET us each invent a maxim. Of course it will only be partially true, as all maxims are. Let us be silent for five minutes. Walk about if you like (my locomotive thoughts are always best), and then each of us shall propound his or her nostrum in the form of a maxim. We agreed to do so, and in five minutes were reseated and ready to produce our maxims. Ellesmere. Of course I am ready first and mine will be the wisest maxim. Never mind the outside. Lady Ellesmere. Avoid uniformity. Ellesmere, Very good. What an advantage it is to live with clever people; how it sharpens the wits! I almost think I shall change my maxim into, find out clever people, and insist upon living with them. Lady Ellesmere. One would think I had followed John about before we were married, and had implored him to allow me to live in the light of his sagacity, and to sun myself in the warmth of his tender nature. Ellesmere. You gave clear proof of your good sense in doing it. Why deny it? What do you say, Mauleverer? What is your maxim? Mauleverer. No artificial surfaces of any kind. Ellesmere. That is grand, but there must be many exceptions—gilding, for instance. Cranmer. No house to be built on leasehold property. Ellesmere. Tyrannous, and inadmissable, I fear; but very suggestive. What do you say, Milverton? We expect something very good from you as it is your especial subject. Milverton. Never do anything in building which cannot give a good account of itself. Ellesmere. A splendid moral maxim! but is it not a little remote from bricklaying and plastering? I really don't know how to sum up what I mean in one maxim, but I will endeavour to explain. The other day, before we left London, I took a walk. I came upon some masons busily chipping holes in some blocks of stone at the basement of a grand house; making, in short, little dust pans for the London dirt to accumulate in. This was done, I believe, because at the Pitti Palace, in Florence, the architect had, doubtless to save trouble, used rough and indented blocks of stone. Now what account could these lit le dust pans give of themselves? Then I saw a house with three huge brick pilasters rising nearly to the roof, but not quite, and all that they supported was a beam of wood fantastically and ridiculously ornamented? What account could these pilasters give of themselves? Then I paid a visit, and was shown into a fine room with a coved ceiling. There were seventy-eight half brackets, which, if they had been completed, would have had to support four beams of wood, which had manifestly other support. These semi-brackets were elaborately carved and abounded in leaves. They were splendid receptacles for dust and dirt. The only account they could give of themselves would be that they were put up to accommodate spiders. Indeed, the benevolent attention paid in house decorations to the judicious lodgment of spiders is quite marvellous. I wish people, when they were building, provided as carefully for the accommodation of their servants. Ellesmere. The illustrations are good, but the maxim remains somewhat vague and obscure, according to my judgment. What do you say, Sandy? Johnson. Let every house in the country, and, where possible, in London, have a good large playroom separated from the house by a passage having double doors at each end of it. Ellesmere. Elevate Sandy upon a tub, send at once for Theed or Woolner, and have a statue made of Sandy, with a battledore in his hand. It is a most judicious suggestion that he has contributed. What a place that room would be to send children to on rainy days, and whenever their irrepressible animal spirits keep the nerves of the elder people in a state of anxious quivering! N.B. (and this would make that playroom an earthly paradise). It should be an understood thing that the family are not "at home" to visitors, when they are in the playroom. Sir Arthur. What a place for private theatricals, without upsetting the rest of the house! Ellesmere. No foolish flowers to be put up there to take up room. It should be big enough for croquet, while battledore and shuttlecock and children's hoops should revel in it. Milverton. What a place it would be for a good jovial dinner to one's poor neighbours after a cricket match or an archery meeting! Lady Ellesmere. What a place to practice archery in! Milverton. I will engage to build it ou of the expensive and ugly follies ——. Ellesmere. Which would, of course, be committed, if you were not entrusted with the building of the house. Sir Arthur. Another good point is, that there would be much less space required in the ordinary reception rooms, if one had such a room as this for extraordinary occasions. Ellesmere. You are all going into too much grandeur. Sandy and I mean this room to be roughly constructed and attached to houses of very moderate calibre; and, if we were left alone for a fortnight, without being bothered with essays, and had one carpenter attached to us, we would knock up something of the kind here. Now, Mrs. Milverton, what is your maxim? Mrs. Milverton. I will give up the playroom, though with great regret; and if you will only give me two rooms separated, in a similar manner to that which Mr. John-on proposes, from the house, to be used in case of illness, and especially in case of infectious illness. Ellesmere. An excellent idea! But you must put it in the form of a maxim. Mrs. Milverton. Do put it for me. You know I am not clever in putting things. Milverton. Mrs. Milverton wishes to say that every house should be so arranged as to contain a domestic infimary. Ellesmere. Well, you are all very clever! and have offered a heap of good suggestions. As I propose the game, I think I ought to be allowed to have another turn. We all assented. Then, I say, when you are building, think of the comfort of your servants, even before you think of your own. ("Hear, hear," from Mr. Milverton and Sir Arthur.) My first maxim, however, was the great one. I really am proud of it. I should like it to be commemorated in my epitaph. By the way, as this is Milverton's last essay, it would be a very appropriate thing if I were to give you a sketch of what my epitaph should be. I think it should run thus. Give me your

pencil, Sandy; let me write it out:—He was a sound lawyer; and, by a peculiar felicity, not uncommon to great advocates, the side on which he argued happened always to be the side of justice and of truth. He never beat his wife, though she was often very provoking. He was an endurable friend, and, in a dull country house, was worth a deal of money as a guest. He was a good master to his dogs, a persevering fisherman, a powerful singer; and when he borrowed books, he always took care to return them. The grand maxim, never mind the outside, which has improved the art of building throughout the world, and which has tended to dignify and purify all other departments in human life, was his'n.

GREAT BILLIARD PLAYERS.—It is easy to name the greatest billiard player in the kingdom, for the game boasts of one man who is *facile princeps*, clearly king of the cue—Mr. John Roberts. Before his skill all other players, whether amateurs or professionals, have to acknowledge themselves defeated; and although there are some brilliant players among the younger professionals, and we may expect great things from the rising talent, up to the present time Mr. Roberts stands unrivalled as the champion. Mr. Edwin Kentfield, of Brighton, better known as "Jonathan," was for a long time considered to be the best player in the kingdom, but he has never dared to play a match with Roberts; and, except in the opinion of a few ardent partisans, there can be no doubt that he would be thoroughly beaten. The French champion is M. Berger, whose feats with the cue are very astonishing, and whose power of making cannons upon the small French tables is apparently illimitable. The largest "break" or continued score on record is one of 346, accomplished by Roberts, in which he made no less than 104 of his famous "spot strokes," or lodging the red into the top corner pockets. Large breaks have been made at the American game, but it is far easier than our English one.

JUDGE AND WITNESS. — A witness in a trial at the last Winchester Assizes before Mr. Baron Martin, persisted in telling what other people said, and interlarded his testimony so often with "said I" and "said he," that the counsel was utterly bewildered. The court attempted to set the man right: "My good man, tell us exactly what happened." "Yes, my lord, certainly. I said I should not have the pig." "Well, what was his answer?" "He said that he had been keeping the pig for me, and that he——" "No, no, he did not say that—he could not have said it. He spoke in the first person." "I was the first person that spoke, my lord." "I mean this—don't bring in the third person—repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord, only him and me." "Look here, my good fellow—he did not say he had been keeping the pig, he said, 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on two different stories, my lord. There was no third person; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place, Manchester.

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TEA AND COFFEE
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STRONG USEFUL TEA, 2/2 per lb.
SPLENDID BREAKFAST CONGOU, 2/6 per lb.,
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
CHOICE MIXTURES OF TEAS,
2/8 per lb. 3/- per lb. 3/4 per lb.
ALL NEW SEASONS.

The last-named Mixtures are all strongly recommended, as they combine strength and body with richness of flavour.

N.B.—J. B. MART *offers the finest Teas at prices not to be met with at any other house in the trade.*

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MANCHESTER.

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CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS, for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.
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JOHN FORSYTH, Printers' Broker and Printing Material Manufacturer. Roller Casting FENNEL STREET, MANCHESTER.

BILLIARDS.—REGENT HOTEL, REGENT ROAD, SALFORD.—Billiards, Pool, and Pyramids; Two Tables.—Refreshments of the best quality. Chops, Steaks, &c.

ELEGANT NEW LACE VALENTINES AND VALENTINE SACHETS,
EXQUISITELY PERFUMED, MANUFACTURED BY
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WM. CARVER'S PRIZE MEDAL LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.—For all kinds of manufacturing and domestic purposes. Manufactory and Show Rooms, PARK WORKS, PARK-STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, NEAR DICIE BRIDGE.

THE PRINCESS SEWING MACHINE, Price £5, Complete. The Best Hand Lock-Stitch Machine in the market.
Depot: 67, OLDHAM STREET.
J. HODGSON.

RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other invalid appliances.
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LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS. First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
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The Original Wholesale Manufacturer of FRENCH and NEAPOLITAINE ICES, supplied to the principal Hotels, Confectioners, and Restaurants in Manchester.
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THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

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H. R. FORREST, Antiquarian.—Old Books, Prints, Curiosities, &c., BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION. A large Collection of Shaksperian Illustrations, &c., &c., on Sale.
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Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,
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GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHER,
DINING ROOM, DRAWING ROOM, AND BED ROOM FURNITURE IN GREAT VARIETY,
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Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

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ABERDEEN WINCEYS	8½d. to 1s. 4½d.
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500 Pairs Ladies French KID GLOVES, usual price, 2s. 6d.	1s. 6½d.
FRENCH MERINOES	1s. 5½d. to 2s. 4½d.
MUSLIN CURTAINS, 6 yards long	1s. 8½d. to 2s. 11d.
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Flannels, Blankets, Sheetings, Calicoes, &c. much reduced.

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Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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THE Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Co. Limited
TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening, at Seven,
THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY SUCCESSFUL
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
GOODY TWO SHOES,
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Day Performance—This Day (Saturday) at Two o'clock.

GOODY TWO SHOES.—Immense Reception of the COLD WATER SCENE, by William Calcott.
"The most elaborate and magnificent 'set' ever seen on any stage."—*Vide* the Press.

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BOY BLUE, the PANTOMIME of the WORLD. Nightly, at Seven.
A perfect ovation greets Mr. WESTON Nightly. The Transformation and Ballet never equalled. Witness Boy Blue's Great Little Army. At seven, Dame Nursery's Comic Alphabet and Apple Pie; half-past, the Fairy Cell: at eight, Grand Ballet of Lovely Nymphs, à la Watteau; quarter past eight, The Exciting Procession to the World of Toys; half-past, Grand Drill of Boy Blue's Army, and Siege of Jack's Castle; at nine, the Unequalled Transformation—Dolphin at his Tricks; half-past, Oriel's Feats: at ten, The Bickerstaff Valentine, and kind good night to all.—Children, 1s. only to circle.—By Order,
J. P. WESTON, Manager.

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call attention to the arrangement for this purpose now in use at the above Works, where particulars of Cost, &c., may be obtained.
No charge will be made for Fitting Boilers, except the arrangement proves efficient.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.
THE FIFTH ANNUAL GRAND MASONIC BALL (to which non-Masons will be admitted) will be held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Friday evening next, January 29th, 1869, in aid of the funds for the Masonic School for Boys
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
The Countess de Grey and Ripon. Lady Arabella Hesketh
Lady de Tabley. Lady Margaret Egerton
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Bro. His Worship the Mayor of Manchester.
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Bro. Colonel Le Gendre N. Starkie, Grand Warden of England.
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Bro. The Honourable Wilbraham Egerton.
And the Past and Present Provincial Grand Officers of East Lancashire.
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Bro. Wm. Birch, Treasurer. | Bro. J. L. Hine.
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It is particularly requested that all parties who purpose attending the Ball will obtain Tickets early, and that they will sign their names in full on their tickets, prior to presenting them at the Free Trade Hall. It is also requested that the brethren appear in full Masonic Clothing of their rank and office, and Dispensations are obtained for Craft, Royal Arch, Knights Templar, and Rose Croix.
Non-Masons will oblige the Committee by appearing in Court or Military Costumes
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